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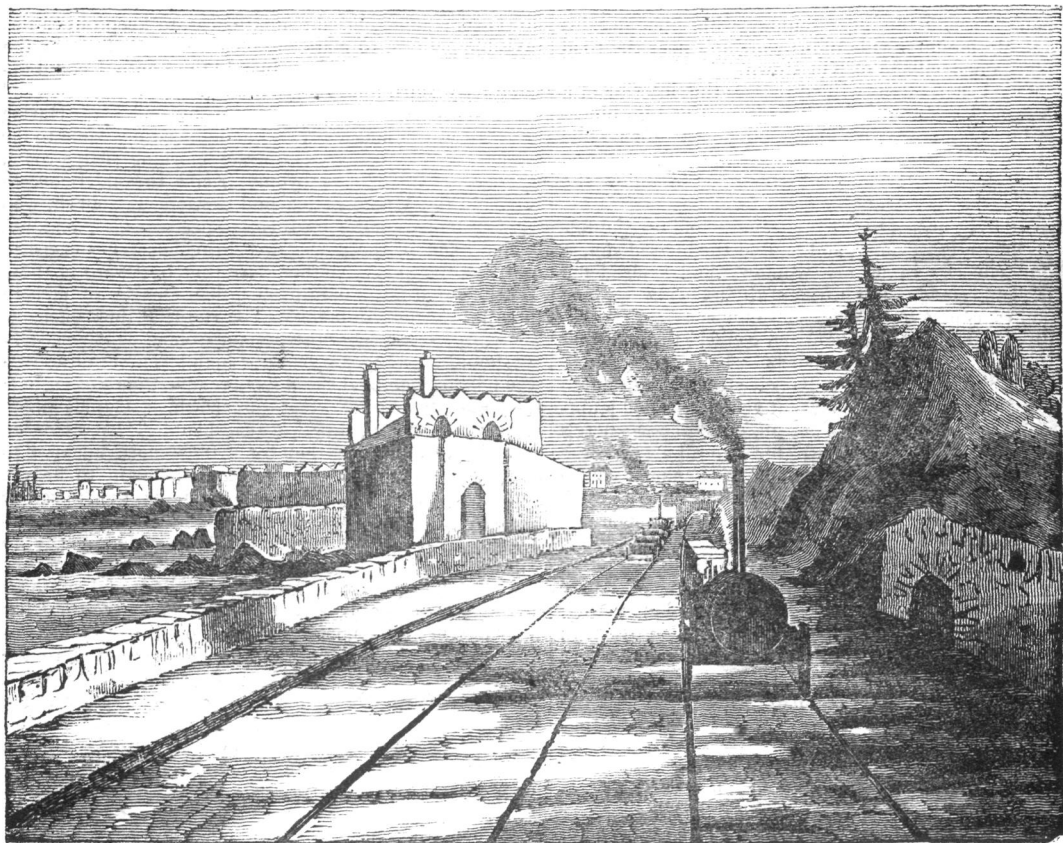
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KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

'Tis noon! The sky is clear—the sunny deep
Is still, save where the rippling breezes sweep
Woofing, and whispering along, to sleep.
Each stately ship reposed at anchor rides—
By it the sportive ripple, as it glides,
Laughs in the sun-beams, and uncertain plays
On the dark vessel with reflected rays.
Now o'er the lulling waters flit awhile,
Broken reflections of the floating pile;
Th' inconstant breeze each trembling charm enhancing,
As beauty's eye most fascinates in glancing,
Or as the glimpse *our* parting clouds bestow
Of heav'n's blue ether, gladdens more the view
Than in those realms of sultry solstice glow,
Their one unchang'd expanse of azure hue.
Hush'd every sound of man, of toil, of care,
The wanton pennons dally in mid air,

All silent though not still. For ev'n the bark
That fleets as rapid as electric spark
O'er the blue surface—mystic motion giv'n—
Seems by a silent secret impulse driv'n;
Unheard the music of the plashing oar,
That brightly sparkles on the raptur'd sight
Though lost its sound—so distant from the shore—
It gleams in measur'd harmony of light!
Gliding, like pleasure's form, o'er floweret's bright
Of aerial fairy tread—no sound awaking,
It seems to move "in light of its own making."
Soothing the scene! Haply those realms of bliss
May prove a haven, typified in this—
A calm eternity of peaceful light,
Where wearied souls may rest them from their flight,
And happy spirits, like those fleet barks, move
Ever in radiant harmony above!



A VIEW FROM THE REAR OF SEAPoint HOUSE.

A CITIZEN'S RELAXATIONS—A TRIP TO KILLINEY.

I do not know any city in the British empire, whose environs afford more various and attractive scenery, than the metropolis of Ireland. Thus, while the Londoner may actually pass out of life, without having cast one admiring look at a mountain prospect, with all its peaks and ridges, lakes, waterfalls, and glens, and while he may have no idea of the sea, but what the turbid tide-waters of the Thames present—a Dublin citizen—yes, even its poorest artizan—can, in an hour or two, either wander among the sea-cliffs of Bray or Bullock, or climb the Wicklow hills, and fill his admiring mind with all the grand images connected with mountain phenomena.—Nay more—he can, when tired of this—if a man, a city-circumscribed man, can be tired of such things—ramble up the banks of the lovely and lively Liffey; he may direct his jaunting-car along the lower road that leads to

Lucan—admire, perhaps, the finest river landscape in the world—observe cultivation carried forward with the greatest accuracy, and in keeping with the greatest beauty. He may spend his day at the Salmon Leap at Leixlip, or proceeding farther, admire the thousand and one acres in the centre of which Ireland's only Duke resides. Or, if it should better please him, he can go northward, and exercise his antiquarian propensities and recollections, while admiring the venerable remains of Fingalian grandeur, as exhibited in the old parliament-house of Swords—its round tower—or the still more beautiful one at Lusk. He may venture to Holm-Patrick, and see not only the church built by St. Patrick, but also his very footprints, as, with a hop-skip-and-jump, he popped from island to island, until he reached mainland. He may thence return home, and on his way observe the ancient stone roof and crypt of St. Douglough, only inferior in antiquity to Cormac's chapel, on the Rock of Cashel. Thus the vicinity of Dublin presents her varied attractions for the